

Spirit Caller

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Spirit Caller Magazine

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Tha Mothafukin' Conten'z, Yo!

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“All-Seeing Night Beast”

Chris Friend

Colorblind

i remembered tonight
that he was colorblind
so he called me amazing
because he knew that
i sparkled
and it didn't matter what color
sparkles came in
but, she
also shined bright
made a fool of the house
we'd made
kept him on a leash
like a dog
told him things shouldn't sparkle
to block them out
to set me aside
she is tarnished now
spotted
ugly grey
he won't on his own
be the cloth that polishes her
he lets her dull and fade
and then
he'll whisper to me
remind me that i
had once sparkled
that i had once mesmerized
that i was once
amazing
i remembered tonight
that he was colorblind
and he never really saw me

Marilyn Souza

“Float”

Betty Rocksteady



He Makes Me Disappear

He doesn't know it,
But he's a magician:
He makes me disappear.
With a funny face
With a knowing look
With a clever word
With every breath
He blows me out,
My lights fade in his laughter,
He makes me disappear.
Without knowing
Without trying
with Zen-like mastery,
He makes me disappear.
An endless array of shiny distractions
Draws the eye to glamour
So it overlooks the true magic
And I vanish
Into air thick
With feigned innocence,
The wallpaper my perfect camouflage.
She carries on
As though cut in half
But her agony is illusion:
I am merely the trick,
He is the prestige.
He makes me disappear.

C.G. Reynolds



Seeing

“One of the deepest longings of the human soul is to be seen.” ~ John O'Donohue

See me.

Look at me.

You already have you say....

a hundred times you say....

Then tell me,

what color do my eyes turn when I am sad,

when I am angry?

Does the rising color in my cheeks offend you?

Can you see me?

Can I matter?

Or like marching ants along a sidewalk

will you step over me...

past me

with nothing to hold your interest

nothing stirring you to look once,

twice.

A mere chain of identical segments

but not a single one with a name.

Nobody you recognize.

See me,

look at me.

At me,

at the woman, not an 8 x 10 flat photo dusted once a week.

Not the girl in your minds eye that you were introduced to long ago in a noisy room,

who filled a checklist of necessary qualifications so efficiently

that no further research was required.

File closed.

You never invited me to swim into the deep end with you,

floating in the shallow was sufficient

and there were many other interests to be explored

and machinations to tinker with that were more intriguing than

this face.

See me,
see into me...
and let me look back
long and unguarded.
Let me drink my fill
I have been thirsty for so long...
Let me blow a kiss,
like a dandelion wish,
floating across our shared breath and we could inhale together;
that first taste of possibilities,
that subtle perfume of nascent trust.
See me,
sun full on my face and hair unpinned and windwild
nothing standing between your eyes and mine.
I'm scared...
but I will hold very still and give you time to pause and perhaps
stay a while.
See me,
seeing you.

Jaye Tomas



“T'd give my
eyeteeth.”

Betty
Rocksteady

Deaf, Dumb, Blind Wife

This morning, my wife and I were kidding around
At least I hope it was just lightheartedness
I said something she couldn't quite make out
And she said something I couldn't really hear.

So she told me what I needed was a deaf and dumb wife
If we were going to have those problems anyway
"Yes," she said, "That would be the perfect wife for you."
Then she thought a minute and added blind to the mix.

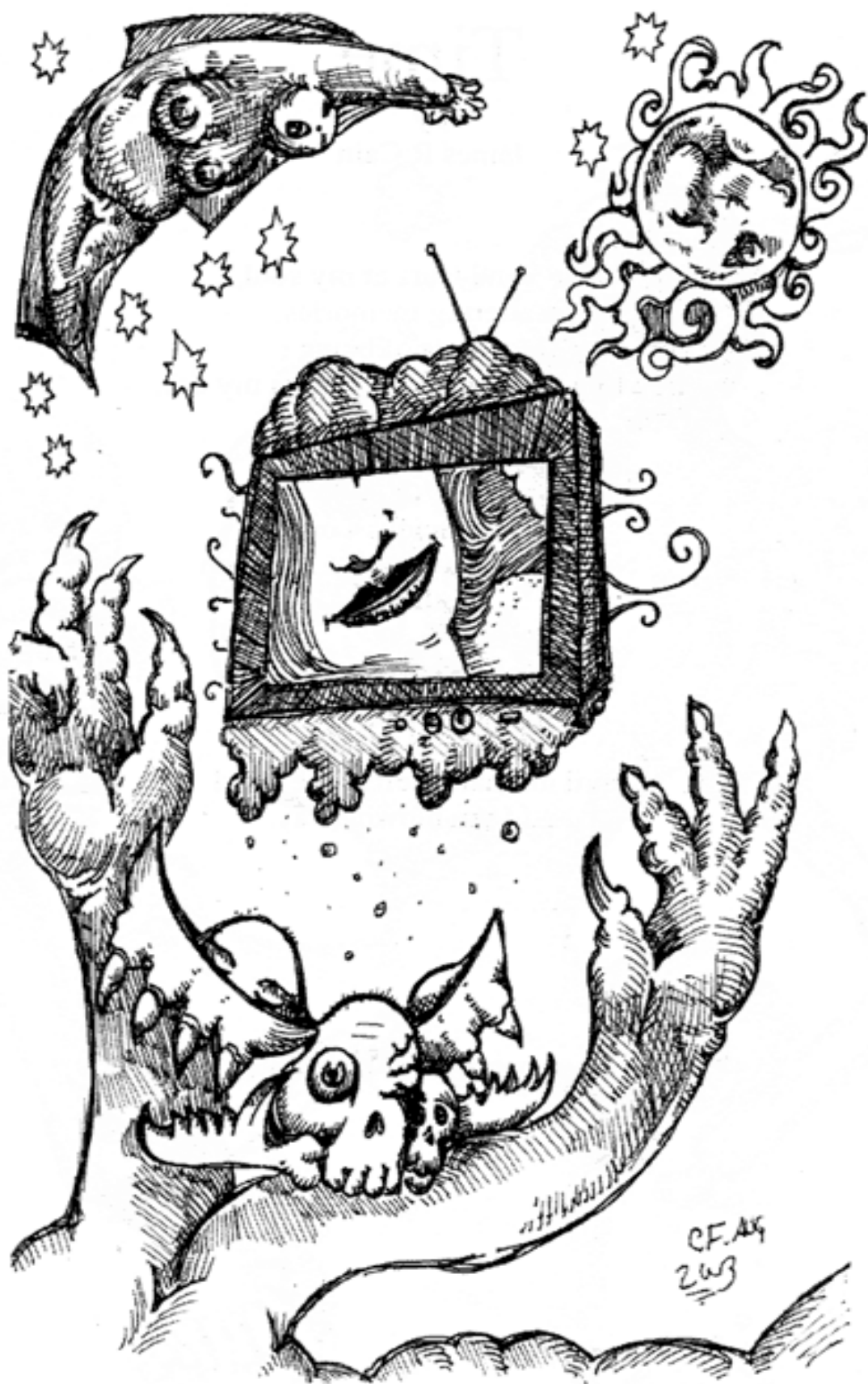
Perverse husband that I am, my imagination
Woke right up and started creating scenarios
Of what life with that kind of woman might be like
Even just a typical morning like this drinking coffee.

"She would have to be beautiful and not know it,"
I teased. "And she would have a really incredible
Sense of touch, which might be quite wonderful
When I think about it. And there would be no arguments."

"Our relationship would be based only on the reality
Of what we actually did for each other, not words
Which can easily give false impressions or worse
And she would depend on me, so I'd be her hero."

My wife gave me that dirty look she learned from our cat
As she continued putting on her makeup for work
"Well, you had better get all that out of your head now!"
So I said, "I didn't like that she would need to be blind!"

Steven W. Baker



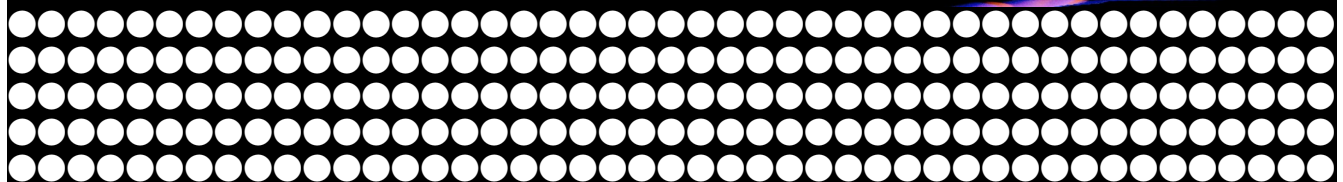
"Television Drama"

Chris Friend

Disturbance

another white cop
just shot another black
person
in the middle of the street
in the middle of the day
in front of witnesses
murder
permitted
killer
defended
the whole thing on video
the whole thing
disgusting
because it's 1965
and it's 1970
and it's 1992
and it's 2014
and it's 2083
and the color of your skin matters
and the color of your uniform matters
another protest
another badge
broken
and what we want
depends on who you ask
and what we get
depends on who you pay
in the middle of the street
in the middle of the day
in front of witnesses
the whole thing on video
the whole thing
disgusting
as our hearts break
as our anger builds
as our city burns
with flames we can't smother

Keith Landrum



Closed Circuit

MSM2015

Clean Kills

Everyone wants the Truth
Simple, clean and free.
But truth is a dirty, ugly business,
Often equated with beauty,
They share the same hideous handmaidens.
The foundation of filth
Beneath the forest of all we know.
Truth is the excrement of the past.
Truth is the cold ashes in the vanities' wake.
Truth is the Sun as it burns out your eyes.
Truth is the irrational number you have to count on.
The standard of perfection is alien
Beneath the perfect stars,
The clean lines of our righteous angles
The edge we hack at our mother with.
I never saw a daisy grow in a bar of soap.
We coat ourselves in the poison and perfume,
Throwing off her embrace, we are
Weeping lonesome in the dark.
Cleanliness is next to Godliness,
Yet the farthest thing from Nature.
Careful which bed you pick,
Because dirt is where everything grows,
And the cleanest clean
Has destroyed the most life.

C.G. Reynolds



"The Grey Men"

David Phelan

Apocalypse Shit Talking for Bubble-Gummers

i got so up

tight

spitting up costume jewelry onto your entertainment center

your gods will be angry.

i found you in the kitchen speaking with the flies
like Snow White speaking with the birds
and the bunnies
but with
tomb dusted fingers flitting in the air
picking up signals
and
replying that siren's SOS-

i fall back

into this tub full of my own semen
and drugs
my own Pacific ocean seeping into every pore
filling me up with tears of resignation
filling me up with light

the Light of Peace
standing there
angelic
with its happy syringe before me
and its silent willing scalpel behind it.

i know this
because i show this-
because memories are half baked pastries for fat
stupid
little babies in their shitty diapers
drooling happy with their puppet shows.
because here, every puppet
has a puppet
with its own puppet show

and what could make
you happier really?

i don't think anything,
really.

i don't think.

anything.

Jason Quiggle



“Space Bar”

Chris Friend

Look Both Ways – Another Cautionary Tale

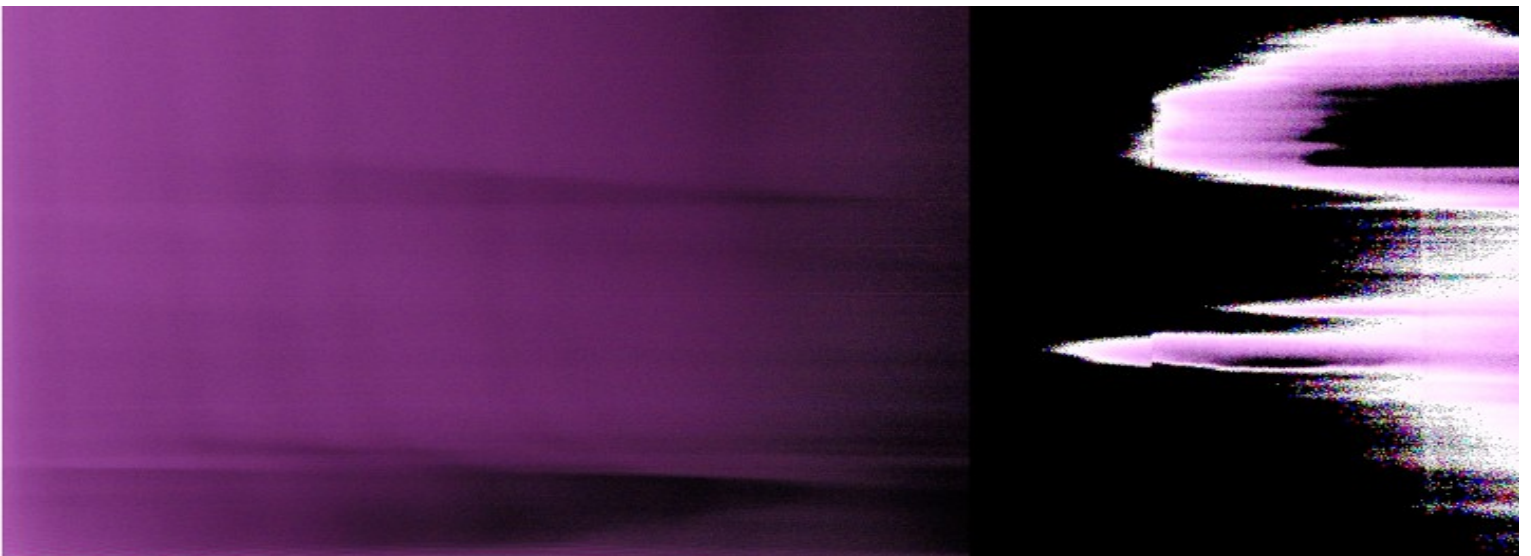
Death and I know each other well
I am more than familiar with his work
Seen it happen before my eyes in real time
I watched
a 15-year-old boy dive
head first into the big dirt nap
a jaywalking incident gone horribly wrong
he hesitated
and we should all know by now that
he who hesitates is sometimes saved
but this wasn't one of those times
and I saw it all
I watched as he crumbled
slammed to the pavement
and rolled up beneath the recreational vehicle
bouncing between the street and the undercarriage
dribbled like a human basketball
from one side of the intersection to the other
folded and crumpled and discarded
like so much other trash in the road
just another empty wrapping strewn in the street
his sweet candy center spreading out
like a rose blooming through the cracks in the asphalt
“Hey, asshole!”
his friends shouting
that's what got my attention
thinking they had better not be talking to me
I was already safely across the street by then
a green light in my favor
turned yellow, now red
like his blood on the pavement
and I turned back to watch
couldn't take my eyes off it
had to get up closer
just to be certain
yes, he is dead
still breathing
heart still beating
but dead nonetheless
his friends screaming

“Hold on, hold on! You're going to live!”
and me there next to them
questioning their motives
“Please, look at him”
his legs twisted beneath his torso
shirt pulled up
ribs obvious
broken and about to break the surface
turned purple-black beneath his formerly perfect white skin
the blood pooling out of his ear
spreading as he faded
I spoke without thinking
just what I was feeling
“Please, don't say that”
“Look at him!”
Do you understand what you are wishing upon him?”
the pain so extreme as to be obscene
if he lives he will never walk again
and the pain will be there
fresh and constant without end
“Do you really want him to survive this?”
he is only 15
and he will never make it to 16 this time around
better luck next time
but a girl is shouting at me
“Shut up! Shut up!
You're the devil!”
she is too young and sweet to know the difference
and me to real and honest, saying
“If you love your friend, tell him now.
You won't get another chance.
Don't make him suffer for your selfish reasons.
Let him go.”
but what do I know?
I'm an outside observer
there to be objective
and contribute some balance to this situation
the girl screaming at the police
“Arrest the driver! Arrest the driver!”
and me calmly telling the officer
“It was a green light.
He crossed against the red,

and now he is dead.”
the paramedic turns to me
hands on the young boy
“He's not dead.”
annoyed that I would tell him his job I suppose
and my reply was
“Give him a minute.
He won't last the ride to the hospital.”
the girl in my face now
screaming louder and pushing against my chest
“Fuck you! You're the devil!”
I just want to go home and eat
because I am tired and hungry
and this will not diminish my appetite
I've seen Death at work before
and I know I will bear witness again
for more youths who think themselves immortal
but for these kids, his friends
this is a little too real
their first true taste of death
and I make no apologies
for my lack of sympathy
I have enough of these memories
and you can pray this is your last
but God isn't listening
when you wish for the impossible
I'm the devil
and I bring you the truth
life ends
too soon for most
and all I can do is observe
and offer my opinion
for although I know I have a healing touch
and I do believe in miracles
I also know that this is too much
and I am too late
even though I am here now in the moment
all I can do is observe
and tell you what you need to hear
that he needs to hear you telling him
“I love you,
goodbye.”

because otherwise
his ghost will haunt you
like the apparition parade which follows me
wherever I go
a collection of lost souls
to which I am constantly adding
this is just your first
so forgive me for seeming callous
but I've seen this before somewhere
and I have my own ghosts to think about
maybe you can't see that
when you look at me
and in your eyes
I am the devil
just for you tonight
to tell you the truth
that life is about love
and learning to die with it
not because of it
this is your chance to do things right
he needs to hear this now
right here, while you are really feeling it
now, before the years have faded
all but his name from your memory
tell him or be haunted by it
"I love you,
goodbye."

Marvin Scott Marvin



Going Around

In the city of Santa Cruz de la Sierra
Many of us don't own automobiles
There's really no need
Since a taxi to anywhere is a dollar or two
And the little "Micro" buses cost about 30 cents.

One hot winter day, I took a Micro (Meekro)
Which transported me to another Micro
Heading for a big supermarket
When a Micro is crowded, people pack the aisle
Like strips of bacon in a package.

This was such a day as that
So I stood with my head bumping the roof
With nowhere to even think of sitting
I was happy the people seemed clean
So I wasn't smelling the occasional butt-crack.

Micro drivers are mostly insane people
They like altiplano music turned up loud
As they push their buses to the limit
Accelerating from stop lights like drag racers
And braking suddenly for each stop.

I've seen little old ladies and women with
Tiny babies knocked to the dirty floor
So you had better hold on like a sailor
Bounding across the rough waters of a storm
Knowing that to go overboard would be the end.

I could see nothing out the low windows
Except the Third Ring and its traffic
You see, Santa Cruz is a "ringed city"
With circular avenues and freeways
Spaced out from the center about every kilometer.

Radial streets emanate from the inner city
Out to the edges of the city like spokes of a wheel
The river cuts off part of the rings past the Fourth
There are nine or ten pretty complete rings

It's rumored there may be partials up to thirteen.

So we zoomed around the Third Ring
Past one of the many large universities
Some students got off, but even more got on
And it was still so packed I couldn't even bend
To see exactly where in the world we were.

Then we were stuck in traffic at the Abasto Market
Which made me realize I'd completely missed my stop
Thinking then, "What the hell do I do? Get off?"
Take another Micro back the way I'd come?
Or just keep going, hoping there would be a seat?

In the past, I've sometimes ridden Micros
All the way around the First, Second, Third
Even the Fourth very big Ring just to explore
To see what has been built and what shuttered
In this gigantic, ragamuffin city we call home.

Thinking that it had been a while since I'd done that
I decided to just go on around the Third Ring
To see what was happening in that part of the city
Maybe I'd even be able to find a seat sometime
And how long could it possible take?

It turned out to be quite a long while, actually
We got stuck in some traffic at one point
Then, at another, we changed buses and drivers
But, by then, I was sitting pretty by the window
And looking out at the ugliness and the beauty.

Eventually, we came back around to my destination
I got off, did my shopping, and started for home
In a couple more Micros driven like the hounds of Hell
To greet my lovely wife who had been waiting for me
"Where have you been, mi amor? I've been worried!"

I hadn't thought of that. I didn't even take my cell phone
So I apologized and explained what had taken so long
She looked at me in a funny way, almost disbelieving
I guess I should explain some things you don't know

About this beautiful Bolivian wife of mine.

For one thing, she believes in things I lost long ago
She's Catholic, for instance, though not extremely so
Her view of God is more of a spirit than an old guy
Sitting up in the sky taking notes on all that we do
A gigantic voyeur intrigued by our tiny human dramas.

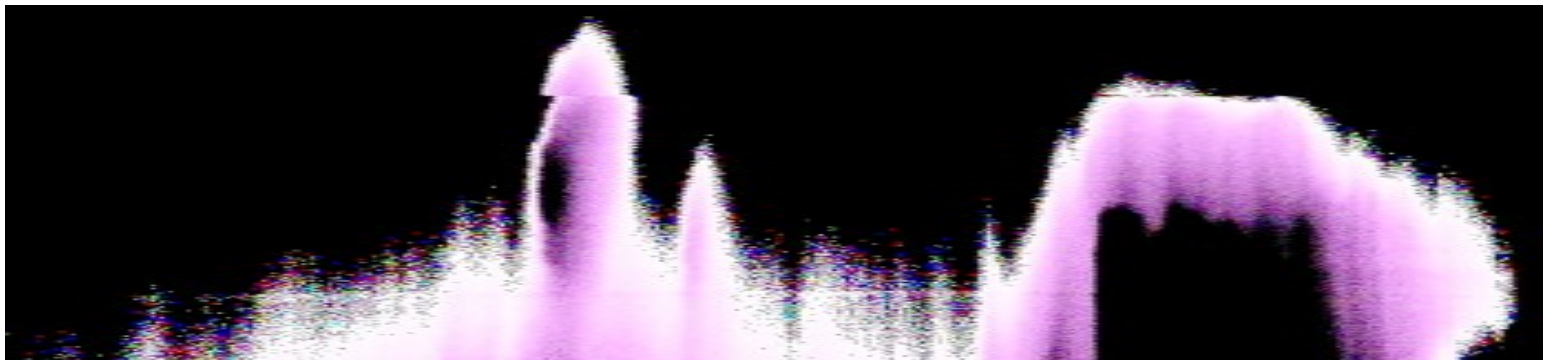
But she is a Believer, whereas I am a Skeptic
So she also has a brujo, don Eduardo, a "witch doctor"
Whom she consults to divine the future and such
Which alternatives might be fruitful...which might not...
Witches and witchery are very common in Bolivia.

What, exactly, are moments in time, anyway?
Physics seems to reach a brick wall when it comes to time
Is it possible the past and the future always exist?
The past might be too much to hope for, but the future
If it exists now, could perhaps be perceived by some.

"I called don Eduardo, to ask him if you were OK
To find out where you were and what happened
I was worried that a trip to the store would take so long."
"And what did he say, miel?" "Not to worry," she said,
"'Steve is just going around,' he told me."

Though she thought that meant I was visiting
Various people or places instead of the supermarket
I doubt if that's what don Eduardo meant, since he knew
Somehow, that I was stuck on a bus going to just one place.
How the hell could he have known that?

Steven W. Baker



Eye to Eye (Full Circle)

eye watch closely as

eye move
from here
to here

from now
to now

the body of this
eye
replicated and replaced
again and again
new and perfect

eye move
at the speed of light
the speed of thought

time slows
into a single moment

now

from here to here
from now to now

eye can go
anywhere
eye desire

eye have moved
beyond desire

to realize
perfection now

the magic of this
eye is everywhere
touches everything

eye contain
the wealth of the universe

eye desire
nothing more

eye let go
release all desire

eye accept
myself

eye am
everything

eye am
complete.

Marvin Scott Marvin



“Hangman”



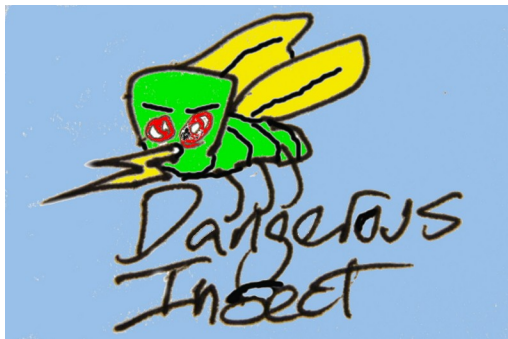
David Phelan

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